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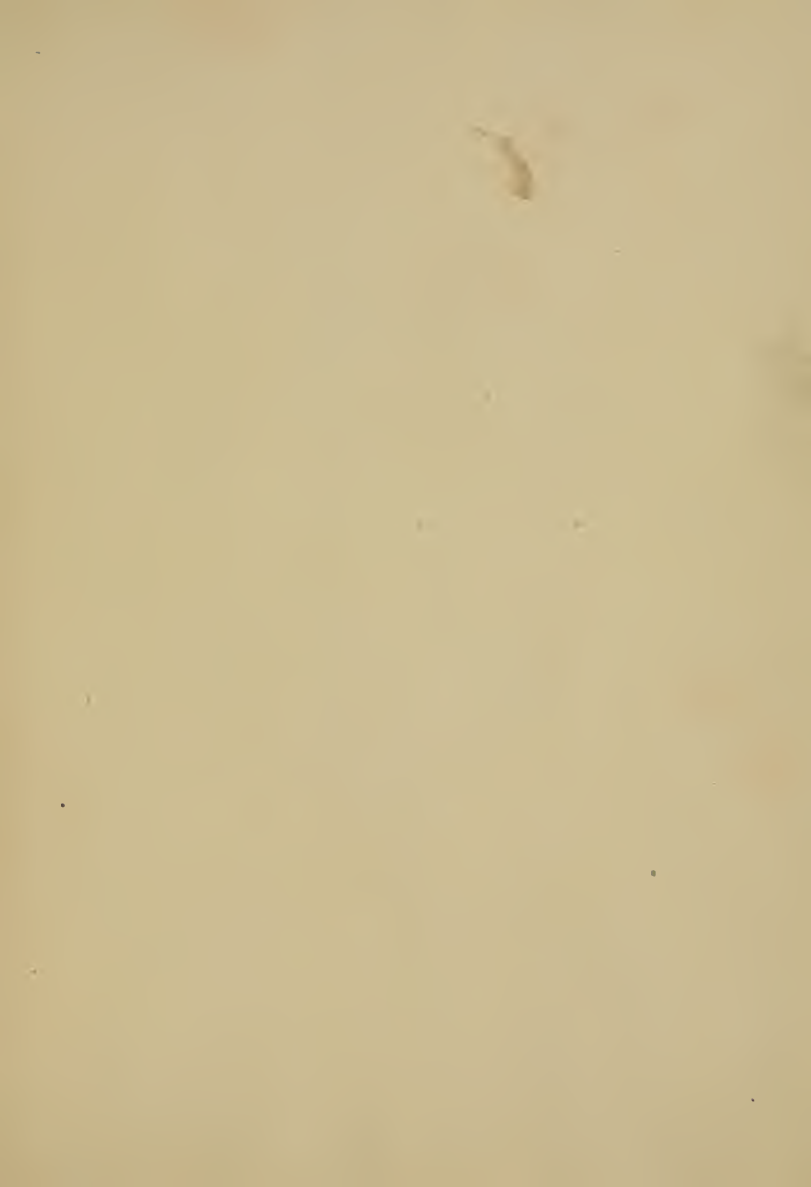
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Truly yours
Chas Rozell Alloway

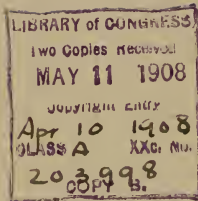
An Ode
TO THE MEMORY OF OUR
COUNTRY'S FATHER.

BY
CHARLES ROZELL ALLOWAY



MILWAUKEE, WIS.
1908

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~~Washingtoniana~~

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PREFACE

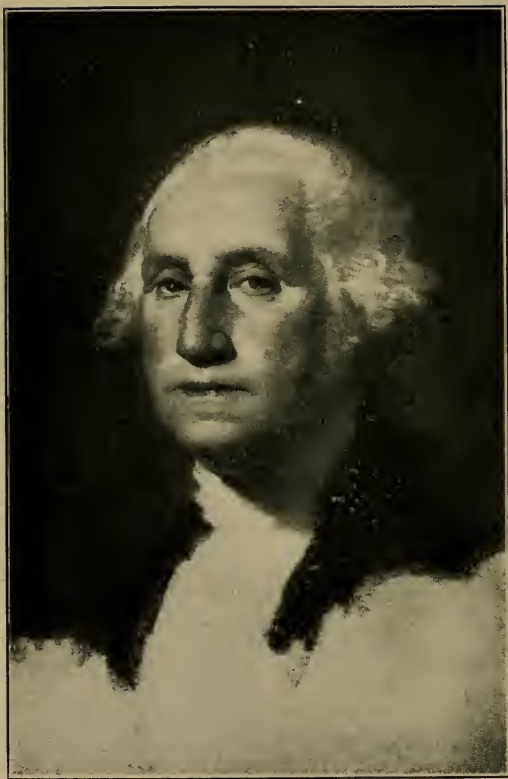


IN PRESENTING this little poem to the public, I have endeavored to give a correct history of George Washington in concise form; and beginning with the year 1657, have included four generations of the Washington family.

I have also attempted to show the sterling qualities and beautiful traits of character of both George and Martha Washington, which led to a united and harmonious life wherein noble and unselfish work was perfected.

It has been my aim to have this composition of George Washington's life prove of great benefit to all, enabling each one to overcome the obstacles of life, and filling each heart with love and respect for this great spirit, and true patriotism at all times.

CHARLES ROZELL ALLOWAY.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

OUR COUNTRY'S FATHER

In the year 1657, on the banks of the Potomac
fair,

John Washington, a man of English parent-
age, settled there.

And after thirteen years of battle against life's
sturdy stream,

Lord Culpepper of England satisfied his earth-
ly dream

By granting him a tract of land—8,000 acres
in all.

About half of this was timbered with trees
both large and small.

The remaining half into five separate farms
was made

And tilled by negro slaves with the plow, hoe
and spade.

And now into our tale fair Cupid he has crept ;
The sturdy Augustine, sweet Jane Butler has
met.

They, of course, were married. 'Tis said their
love was very warm,

And to them two cheerful sons were born.

After a few years of beautiful wedded life,
Death came and took from him this loving
little wife.

With this he was not discouraged but on
through life he went;

He had fully resolved with Fate to be content.

So upon one bright morn in Old Virginia, the
story goes,

He met Miss Mary Ball and to her did pro-
pose.

Here are the two grand-parents of our coun-
try, so to speak—

The sturdy Augustine with his Mary, kind and
meek.

Upon the twenty-second of February, Seven-
teen Thirty-two,

An heir was born to cheer the home of this
ever happy two.

Four more were born in this happy home

But the first one, George, he stood alone.

In his youth he was a truthful and obedient
child;

And from the tale of the cherry tree we find
him meek and mild.

He grew into nobility enwrapped in noble
thought.

The selfishness of life by him was never
taught.

That he was a firm believer in honesty by all
was understood,

And believed in doing no evil if he could do no
good.

To all those around him he would cite the
Golden Rule ;

He was a real graduate of that good old hon-
est school.

In Seventeen Fifty-eight, when from military
duties he retired,

General Braddock said he was a soldier that
was to be admired.

When this young soldier was free from camp
and field,

He joined Virginia's House of Burgesses—his
constituents to shield ;

And there for a number of years in legislative
work did toil,

Leaving not a mar upon his memory to his
native soil.

This Noble Sage on January the seventeenth,
Seventeen Fifty-nine,
Was married to Martha Dandridge Custis, a
widow then twenty-nine.

When married, this widow a most beautiful
daughter Eleanor had
And a son George, a bright and cheerful lad.
These both, at the death of Major John Parke
Custis,
Were adopted by George Washington through
a Court of Justice.

To George and Martha no heirs were ever
born
But their true love was ever bright and warm.
Thus a most gladsome life at Mount Vernon
extending
Through sixteen tranquil years his loved bride
attending.

Washington was an attentive lover and hus-
band,
A thorough farmer; and at his leisure, a jolly
sportsman.
His bruised arms he thought were hung up
through all Eternity.
He thought now to live a life of real serenity.

But this was not yet to be, for in Seventeen
Seventy-five

The war for American Independence began to
thrive.

And he, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army
of this Continent,

During the entire struggle seldom to Mount
Vernon went.

In Philadelphia, with that grand old bell,
The end of British rule was tolled full well ;
And on July fourth, Seventeen Seventy-six,
American independence was forever fixed.

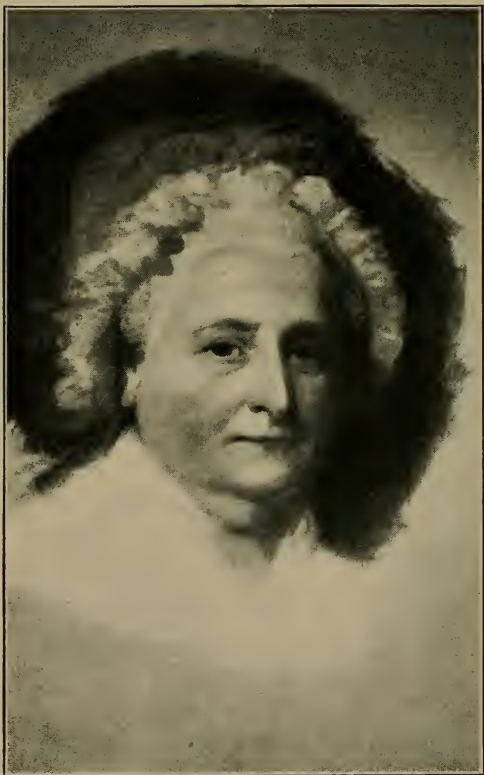
And its declaration by him was signed,
With true love for his country foremost in
mind.

America's freedom was sounded to all,
With that good, old Liberty Bell at Indepen-
dence Hall.

And when this war was over, liberty being
sure,

George Washington retired to his home and
wife so pure.

And for five years the mansion was full of dis-
tinguished guests



MARTHA WASHINGTON

Who came to pay homage to this Patriot and
Soldier so blessed,

Who had achieved his country's absolute
liberty

From the heavy yoke of British tyranny.

Once more he became a tiller of Old Virginia's
soil

And thoroughly resolved to shut out all tur-
moil,

And live now a pure life of quietude

With Martha dear, to him the Queen of Wo-
manhood.

In Seventeen Eighty-four, he sent LaFayette
his thanks

And said, "I'm a private citizen upon the Po-
tomac's banks.

Here under the shade of my own vine and
fig tree

From the bustle of camp and public life, I'm
free.

I'm solacing myself with the tranquil fruit
Of a true born soldier who is ever in Fame's
pursuit.

And a Noble Statesman whose watchful days
and sleepless nights

Are spent in devising schemes for his coun-
try's rights.

Our conquered ones do great sorrow feel,
But we whipped them fairly upon the battle-field."

He thought to now retire from public employment

And to live once more at home with his family was bent.

Envious of none, he was determined to be pleased with all.

This, dear friends, was the order of his March and Call.

His wish was to move quietly down the stream of life

And peacefully rest beside his Fathers—free from Care and Strife.

A life of quietude for him was not yet to be;
From the duties of his country he was not wholly free.

On the fourteenth of April, Seventeen Eighty-nine,

A messenger rode up to his door with a look sublime:

"Hail to the Noble George of Mount Vernon," said he,

"Dear Sir, I address you as the Father of our Country,

And as Messenger from Congress I am sent—
With these glad tidings to bring you I'm sure
I am content—

That by a unanimous vote with all true dexterity

You've been elected First President of the
United States of America,

And with the assumption of your office immediately

The Congressmen beg to be Yours Most
Obediently."

So two days later Washington departed for
New York

To be inaugurated and take up his new work.

There were great ovations in towns and cities
through which he passed

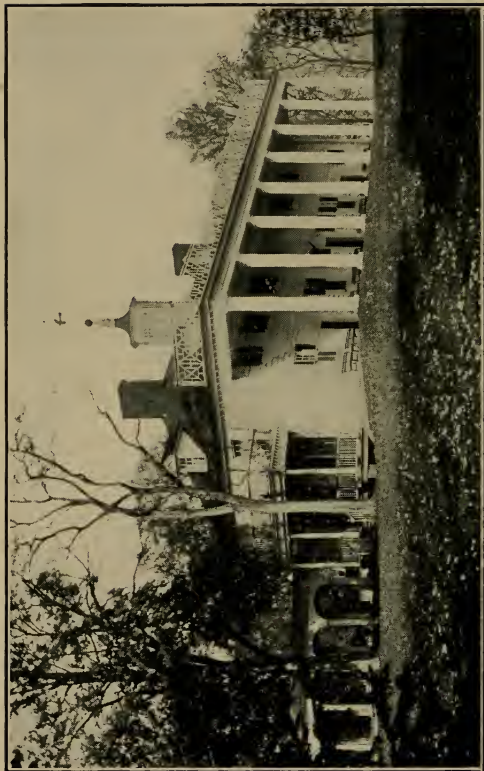
And he reached the great metropolis midst a
Jubilee at last.

He took the oath of office in April, the thirtieth day,

And was an active President the First day of
May.

The following eight years to his honest duties
bent

And only for vacations he to Mount Vernon
went.



THE MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON

He was faithful to his trusts in his many public calls,
Guided by true justice; he shunned disgraceful brawls.
No taint of dishonor had e'er his character marred;
The distorted thoughts of evil by him were ever barred.

March fourth, Seventeen Ninety-seven, he attended the inauguration
Of John Q. Adams, the Second President of our Nation.
He then retired to his ever loving fireside
To live in quietude with Martha, his faithful bride.

During these two years and nine months of his last days
As he retired from office with the fading of life's rays,
He never ventured twenty miles from home
Leaving his loved ones and Martha dear, alone.

In the cream-colored chariot, used while President occasionally,
With six blooded horses and servants in full livery,

This Hero and his wife would often wend
their way,

Making formal calls on clergymen and lay.

Oft' they to Alexandria or the new capitol
went

Where buildings were being constructed for
the government;

But usually he was busy upon his farm from
day to day

For things had been neglected while he had
been away.

He had a host of trusty and loving farm
hands,

And little cabins dotted here and there upon
his lands.

With a hundred head of horses and mules be-
side,

In his stable of blooded drivers he always
took great pride.

Cattle, sheep, and hogs, in large herds he
raised;

For his bounteous crops of staples, he de-
served great praise.

He now relinquished the sports of his earlier
life

And saw less company but was very attentive
to his wife.

In his tastes and habits he always had simple ways ;

It was his custom to rise very early and shave.
Wholly absorbed in his extensive agricultural operations,

Ever progressive was he in his daily occupations.

After dinner, which was served at three o'clock,

He'd take up his correspondence, which was ne'er forgot.

And regularly he'd employ himself in his library

For two or three hours dictating to his Private Secretary.

Evenings were devoted to amusements for family good.

He was of a free and kindly manner—always in a cheerful mood.

With his adopted children and relatives, he always enjoyed jokes ;

To him it was a great pleasure to cheer his home folks.

His cheerfulness has been handed down with
his name.

It has oft' been said, 'twas hard to realize he
was the same

Washington, whose dignity awed all who ap-
proached him.

His cheeks had a clear, healthy flush of manly
vim.

He measured six foot two in his stocking feet ;
Was straight and slim with muscles quite
complete.

Having retained much of his youthful grace,
A look of calmness was always upon his face.

Thus for two score years with his Martha by
his side,

The Father of our Country braved life's sturdy
tide.

At last this great planter of Virginia passed
away—

And peacefully may he rest who has returned
to clay.

From a short account of his death by Tobias
Lear,

Who was his Private Secretary for nearly fif-
teen year,

We find that December thirteenth, Seventeen
Ninety-nine,

He was surveying the lawns around his man-
sion fine,

Marking some trees he wished cut down and
taken away.

He'd gotten wet while riding the previous day,
And to his house with a cold he was confined
Till noon, when the sun shone out sublime.

To complete his surveying, seemed his aim.
But that evening of hoarseness he complained.
He tried aloud to read the latest current news,
And to his family did express his views.

At last he and Martha to their chamber went,
Hand in hand—these two with life content.
And they laid them down in a peaceful sleep,
Resolved their pace of pure life to ever keep.

But at two o'clock in the morning when all
was still,

George said to Martha, "I'm quite ill."

But would not let her rise for 'twas not warm.
He said, "Martha, dear, a cold might do you
harm."

So when their faithful servant came that morn
To build the fire and make the chamber warm,
She was sent to Mr. Lear to state the conditions.

They sent to Alexandria and Port Tobacco for
physicians,

During the meantime, Washington was bled,
And all available comforts brought to his bed.

When the physicians came, they bled him
again

And used their utmost skill to relieve his pain,
But that day congestion became so complete
That this dying hero had great difficulty to
speak.

Towards night he said, "I feel myself agoing
on.

I thank you for your attention, friends, I cannot
tarry long;

So pray you, do not take more trouble about
me,

But let me pass to the Great Beyond most
quietly."

He said to Mr. Lear just as the clock struck ten,

"I am going very fast. I see my journey's end."

"See that I am decently interred," he said.

"Don't put me in the vault till three days after I am dead."

He looked up and said aloud, "Do you understand?"

Lear said, "Yes, sir, we shall obey your command."

He lay quietly and from Lear his hand withdrew,

Feeling his own pulse, Death was near, he knew.

His countenance changed—his hand dropped to his side.

"'Tis well," he said, and the Father of Our Country died.

Lear grasped his hand and pressed it to his breast.

Dr. Craik covered his eyes when he saw this peaceful rest.

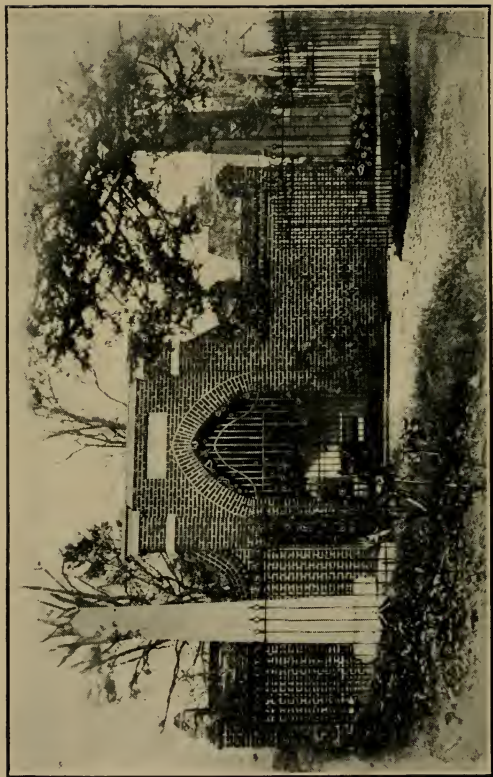


THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

When all were fixed in silent grief, 'tis said,
Mrs. Washington, who sat at the foot of her
hero's bed,
In a cool and collected voice did ask, "Is he
gone?"
Not a word was spoken, but Lear waved his
hand along.

She said, "'Tis well. All is over now. I shall
soon follow him.
I have no more troubles to pass—I feel that
Death's set in."
So passed a pure, congenial spirit from this
earth.
It was clothed in manly honor from its birth.

In the true cause of Justice, it knew no fear.
This useful life was ended in its sixty-eighth
year.
Eighteen months more are added to our tale
That poor Martha ever wore the mourner's
veil.



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON

At her window she'd sit the whole day
through

Where her noble hero's grave was in full view.
During this time, 'tis said, she never left her
room;

Her loving heart was filled with bitter gloom.

The twenty-first day of May, Eighteen Hun-
dred and One,

As she reached the good old age of seventy-
one,

The welcome call of Death came to her door,
And she went to meet her George upon that
golden shore.

These words are chiseled o'er the door of his
tomb,

"Within this enclosure rests the remains of
General George Washington."

Thus ends the tale of a great and noble man
Who is the honored Father of this Glorious
Land.

He whipped the British in the great Revolution.

'Twas him that signed the Constitution.

Like those we sing—we must all return to
clay

And soon shall want the generous tears we
pay.

So peacefully rest George Washington's fair
name ;

He conquered Strife and climbed the pinnacle
of Fame.

And may the green sod lie lightly on the grave
Of this great Statesman and Hero brave.

The fragrant flowers be faithful to their duty
And ever mark this sacred spot with glowing
beauty.

Being washed by the rains and kissed by the
sun,

Thus ends the tale of the great George Wash-
ington.

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